Devotions for the Stations;

OR,

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

Third Edition.

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1869.

G. H. B. from F. E. C. B. Lent 1870

DEVOTIONS FOR THE STATIONS;

OR,

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

Stations of the Cross

"WHOSOEVER WILL COME AFTER ME, LET HIM DENY HIMSELF, AND TAKE UP HIS CROSS, AND FOLLOW ME."—*S. Mark* viii. 34.

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THE following Religious Exercises, translated with but slight alterations, are published in the hope that they may profitably assist the contemplation of CHRIST'S Passion on the road to and at Calvary. Though suitable for other times, they are more especially appropriate to Passion-tide. It is suggested, therefore, that one of the Stations be used as nearly as may be at the same hour on each of the last fourteen days of Lent, beginning with Passion-Sunday: but the whole might be said on Good-Friday, at intervals or together.

The Hymns, taken from various sources, are inserted by the kind permission of their Authors or Publishers.

3rd Week in Lent, 1869.

Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou would'st My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.

Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel:
Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up thy cross then in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

To Thee, great Lord, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend;
O grant us in our home to see
The heavenly life that knows no end.

Amen.

FROM pain to pain, from woe to woe,
With loving hearts and footsteps slow,
To Calvary with CHRIST we go.
See how HIS Precious Blood
At every Station pours!
Was ever grief like HIS?
Was ever sin like ours?

DEVOTIONS FOR THE STATIONS;

OR,

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

PREPARATORY PRAYER.

O Adorable JESUS, I thank THEE for calling me to follow THEE in spirit to the Stations of that Way which THOU hast sanctified by THY Sweat and by THY Blood.

O GOD of LOVE, may I there receive for myself and for the souls who are dear to me the graces which THOU hast obtained for us. May I there learn to love THEE more, and to despise the empty joys of the world. Amen.

O my soul, let us ascend the Way of Calvary, there to receive the fruits of love and charity which are scattered at each step; let us gather on this Sacred Way of the Cross strength and perseverance in the ways of salvation. Amen.

At the beginning of each Station say—

℣ We adore THEE, O CHRIST, and we bless THEE.

℟ Because by THY Holy Cross THOU hast redeemed the world.

And at the end of each Station say—

℣ LORD, have mercy upon us. .

℟ Have mercy upon us.

℣ May the souls of the faithful, through the mercy of GOD, rest in peace.

℟ Amen.

Say part or the whole of this Hymn.

The Royal Banners forward go,
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where HE in flesh, our flesh WHO made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Where deep for us the spear was dy'd,
Life's torrent rushing from HIS Side,
To wash us in that precious flood,
Where mingled Water flowed and Blood.

Fulfill'd is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old;
Amidst the nations, GOD, saith he,
Hath reign'd and triumph'd from the Tree.

O Tree of beauty, Tree of light!
O Tree with royal purple dight!
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those Holy Limbs should find their rest.

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung;
The price of human-kind to pay,
And spoil the Spoiler of his prey.

To THEE, Eternal THREE in ONE,
Let homage meet by all be done;
Whom by the Cross THOU dost restore,
Preserve and govern evermore! Amen.

FIRS STATION.

JESUS CHRIST CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

"They gather them together against the Soul of the Rightеous: and condemn the innocent Blood."—*Ps.* xciv. 21.

CONTEMPLATION.

PILATE condemns the SON of GOD, in spite of his conscience, which told him that HE was innocent. We, too, are so weak that a look from men, the fear of displeasing, the fear of being despised by them, is sufficient to make us blush at our Faith, and to prevent us from owning ourselves the disciples of JESUS.

O miserable sinners! like this unjust judge we do the wrong which our conscience disallows, and which we know to be opposed to our Christian profession. O deplorable weakness! when shall we remember that it is for us that JESUS CHRIST was condemned to death?

PRAYER.

O my JESUS, grant that I may never again add to the sin of Pilate by my weakness, or by my carelessness in fulfilling the duties of a Christian, and in upholding the claims of THY Glory. Pardon the ingratitude of my past life, so contrary to the Gift of Faith which THOU in THY Love hast given to me.

O Self-devotion of my SAVIOUR! I adore THEE; nothing can stop THEE; and THOU wouldest have mounted Calvary if THY Death had saved but one soul. O Love of my GOD! I would that my gratitude could be more lively, that my homage might have some proportion to the greatness of my obligations towards THEE, and that it might counterbalance the ingratitude with which sinners load THEE by the most cruel forgetfulness.

Our FATHER, &c., Glory be, &c.

SECOND STATION.

JESUS RECEIVES THE CROSS.

"HE is brought as a Lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so HE openeth not HIS Mouth."—*Is.* liii. 7.

CONTEMPLATION.

AT the sight of the terrible instrument of His suffering, the SON of GOD stoops with resignation, and, uniting HIS Will to that of HIS FATHER, HE prepares to go to Calvary. Nothing happens to us here below but by the Will or the permission of God; but, alas! we only love that Will when it agrees with our wishes. How hard we find it to thank GOD for all sorrows as well as joys; and yet sorrows become true joys when HE gives them.

Oh! how blind we are! Let us submit our will, following for the future the example of JESUS.

PRAYER.

O my JESUS, grant me grace to spend every moment of my life in THY Service. THOU sendest me sorrows; I would try to do THY Will by uniting my trials to the Merits of Thy Passion, and in showing by my patience how God can work in the most miserable, the weakest of HIS creatures. Grant, then, O my GOD, that I may bear the troubles of this life in silence, with courage and humility; that my heart, far from giving way to despondency, may always find fresh strength; that my tongue may cleave to the roof of my mouth rather than let any word of murmuring escape from my lips. Amen.

Our Father, &c., Glory be, &c.

THIRD STATION.

JESUS FALLS THE FIRST TIME UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE CROSS.

"HE hath spread a net for MY Feet, HE hath turned ME back; the yoke of MY transgressions is bound by HIS Hand; they are wreathed and come up upon MY Neck; HE hath made MY Strength to fail."—*Lamen.* i. 13, 14.

CONTEMPLATION.

BOWED down under the weight of the Cross, exhausted by loss of Blood, the SON of GOD feels HIS strength failing HIM—HE staggers, HE falls in the dust. O how sad—how grievous a sight to see the SAVIOUR fallen under the weight of the Instrument of HIS suffering, overwhelmed with outrages and torments.

But there is a sadder sight, that of a soul under the power of Satan, blackened by sin, and disfigured in the sight of GOD and the Angels: that soul has forfeited all its titles, all its rights, and its eternity of bliss.

PRAYER.

O my JESUS, fold me in THY Bosom, guide my faltering steps in the paths of salvation. I give myself wholly to THEE, notwithstanding the shrinking of my nature, which fears to go to Heaven by a thorny path. I am nothing without THEE, I can do nothing without THEE, except the wrong which I have often done; but THOU wilt not refuse the prayer of a penitent sinner, THOU wilt help me, Thou wilt not let me fall into temptation; or if I have the misfortune to fall, Thou wilt raise me up and give me strength to amend. Amen.

Our FATHER, &c., Glory be, &c.

FOURTH STATION.

JESUS IS MET BY HIS BLESSED MOTHER.

"MY SON, MY SON, would GOD I had died for THEE."—
2 Sam. xviii. 33.

CONTEMPLATION.

THERE is a tradition in the Church that JESUS met Mary on the way to Calvary, and that at the sight of Her SON'S heartrending state She was filled with bitter grief. But, alas! though She saw Her Son, She could not help HIM; the barbarous soldiers turned Her away without pity, offering Her a thousand insults. "Yea, a sword shall pierce through Thy own soul also." Will sorrow—will the contempt of mankind always be a shame? No; GOD and HIS Angels look with love and pity on those who suffer, whilst they turn away from the worldling and the man of pleasure, who forget the soul and its eternity. "Blessed are those who weep."

PRAYER.

O my GOD, my GOD, what Love to lead me to THEE by the path of tears. O JESUS, grant that the vexations, the misfortunes, the troubles that I meet with, may take from me all love of the world, and make me long to give my heart wholly to THEE. O JESU, forgive me the tears which my pride and my weakness have caused THEE to shed. Amen.

Our FATHER, &c., Glory be, &c.

FIFTH STATION.

THE CROSS IS LAID UPON SIMON OF CYRENE.

"Awake, O sword, against MY Shepherd, and against the Man that is MY Fellow, saith the LORD of HOSTS."—*Zech.* xiii. 7.

CONTEMPLATION.

THE strength of Him Who supports the world is failing; He accepts the help of a weak mortal! What an example of humility! what a lesson for us in this Example! We, too—we must carry the Cross, and painfully climb the way to Calvary; sometimes left to our own weakness, wanting everything, and always ready to fall, if a helping Hand is not held out to us. Let us be thankful, sinners that we are, to be allowed to follow HIM, even to HIS Crucifixion; be thankful to be allowed to unite ourselves with HIS Sacrifice.

PRAYER.

O my JESUS, let me not be of the number of those who despise THY Humiliations and THY Sufferings; grant that THY Cross may never be to me foolishness; rather let me see in It the Wisdom and the Power of GOD; let my heart love Its wholesome bitterness, Its glorious shame; let all that is painful and humiliating in the Cross become to me sweet and precious, for THOU hast consecrated It; THOU hast made It dear to all who love THEE. Amen.

Our FATHER, &c., Glory be, &c.

SIXTH STATION.

THE FACE OF JESUS IS WIPED BY VERONICA.

"Preserve THOU MY SOUL, for I am holy; MY GOD, save THY Servant that putteth HIS Trust in THEE."—*Ps.* lxxxvi. 2.

CONTEMPLATION.

No difficulty (says the touching Story) stops this holy woman, no consideration checks her eagerness; she sees her Divine Master fainting, HIS Face covered with sweat and dirt; she pushes through the crowd, she falls at HIS feet. As a reward of her piety, the impression of HIS Sacred Countenance is miraculously imprinted on the handkerchief. Alas! the world does not enter into the Mystery of the Cross; its heart is paralyzed, its mind is fascinated with empty pleasures; it is not capable of understanding and admiring the magnificent and imposing sight of a gentle, patient, rejoicing Christian—rejoicing in sorrow, following the Example of JESUS.

PRAYER.

O my JESUS! I am so weak that, although I understand the great blessings of sorrow, it overwhelms me when THOU sendest it; and if it were in my power to be free from it, I should forsake the Cross, this Blessed Cross, our only hope. Alas! I fly from it, I will not humble myself. I, who feel the necessity—I, who shudder in thinking of a past so heavy to my guilty conscience—I will not there share in the sufferings of my SAVIOUR—be united to HIS Passion, be like HIM even in this. O Good JESUS, draw out my love towards THEE, that so THY DIVINE IMAGE may be impressed upon me. Amen.

Our FATHER, &c., Glory be, &c.

SEVENTH STATION.

JESUS FALLS A SECOND TIME.

"HE putteth HIS MOUTH in the dust; if so be there may be hope."—*Lamen.* iii. 29.

CONTEMPLATION.

WHY this second fall of the SON of GOD in the way to Calvary? What does HE wish to teach us? That Hope is very necessary to a Christian. Virtue is difficult, and we bear it in a fragile vase. If we have broken it, let us shed tears of repentance, but do not let us despond; let us fight, let us resist, let us get up one thousand times, if we fall one thousand times; then let us follow closely the steps of the GOD of Peace; let us ask HIM to give us peace, that peace of the soul which lasts in the midst of storms, and which the world cannot take from us.

PRAYER.

My GOD! I have sinned, I have fallen again, after THOU hadst lifted me up; what is there to wonder at in this? Am I not weakness itself? Should I not fall every moment if THOU didst not hold me up? To be angry with myself would be useless; to be surprised at my fall would be pride. I have only to humble myself, to acknowledge that of myself I can do nothing; to ask pardon with heartfelt sorrow, then to return to the peace of the faithful, who, acknowledging his weakness, throws himself on the Bosom of GOD, asking, with tears and love, for the Help of HIS Powerful Arm. LORD, save us, we perish. Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Amen.

Our FATHER, &c., Glory be, &c.

EIGHTH STATION.

JESUS CONSOLES THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM.

"*If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?*"—*S. Luke* xxiii. 31.

CONTEMPLATION.

"WEEP not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children." What do these words mean in the mouth of the SON of GOD? Is there any misery greater than HIS Sorrow? Yes; that which caused it—sin.

The compassion of these women appears to have been only for HIS outward sufferings. JESUS CHRIST by these words wishes to turn their hearts to the contemplation of the sins for which HE suffered; to the contemplation of their own sins; to repentance. What was good for them is good for us. Let us repent of our sins before GOD, let us confess and make reparation for them.

PRAYER.

O my GOD, how I thank THEE for letting me understand the evil that I ought to lament, and that I ought to suffer for. Wretched sinner that I was, I did not think of my faults; led away as I was by the multitude, I went on increasing the number of senseless ones, and should have slept the sleep of death. Oh, how fearful, how dreadful this security! What would have become of me if THOU hadst not awakened me?

My dearest SAVIOUR, grant me grace to be so penetrated with sorrow at the sight of my sins, that I may become insensible to the evils of this life. Amen.

Our FATHER, &c., Glory be, &c.

NINTH STATION.

JESUS FALLS THE THIRD TIME UNDER THE CROSS.

"HE hath hedged ME about, that I cannot get out: HE hath made MY chain heavy."—*Lamen.* iii. 7.

CONTEMPLATION.

THE Divine JESUS falls again under the weight of the Cross. Oh! what a painful career for the SON of GOD! Weak, exhausted, HE can no longer support HIMSELF; each step is marked by a fall, each place is dyed by some drop of HIS BLOOD; and HIS utter prostration of strength only increases the fury of HIS enemies against HIM. Contemplating THY EXAMPLE, how many Christians who were enemies of the CROSS, weak and sinful, have been marvellously changed to the greatest heroes, bearing the most cruel torments, loving them, seeking for them! These are the effects of a holy emulation, the wonders it produces, the courage it inspires!

PRAYER.

O my JESUS, wilt Thou give me that holy desire for the Cross which changes the greatest trials to sweetness and hope? It is from the Cross that the Saints (our fathers in the faith) have nourished their piety and derived strength against all dangers—all temptations—even death itself. Grant, O my GOD, that I, too, may love there to seek for resignation, courage, and fervour. Make my heart worthy to be united to all the sorrows of THY Divine SON; I will no longer fear them if HE is with me. I can do all things through CHRIST, Who strengtheneth me. Amen. ✠

Our FATHER, &c., Glory be, &c.

TENTH STATION.

JESUS IS STRIPPED OF HIS GARMENTS.
"They part MY Garments among them; and cast lots upon MY Vesture."—*Ps.* xxii. 18.

CONTEMPLATION.

AT last the GOD Man, after having carried the painful Instrument of HIS punishment, and watered HIS Path with a long track of Blood, stops on the height of Calvary. The soldiers surround HIM; they tear off HIS Clothes from the bleeding Wounds which cover HIS whole Body, and in this humiliating state expose HIM to the gaze of the multitude.

Who would not wish to punish a corrupted flesh when they behold HIS Pure Body wounded and bleeding to expiate the sins of our bodies? How can we fail in courage in bearing the humiliations of this life if we feel that it was for us, for our sins, that JESUS was thus exposed? He so sinless, we so guilty.

PRAYER.

"Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" THOU seest, my JESUS, the chains which bind me. To help me to shake them off—to excite me to punish a rebellious flesh—to conquer pride and its treacherous suggestions—O condescend to appear to me, disfigured, fainting, covered with shame, overwhelmed with injuries and with blows. May this sight confound my cowardice in suffering, in humiliation, and in the punishment which I ought to practise on myself.

O JESUS, may my tears flow with THY Tears; may my sighs be united to THY sighs; may my whole soul unite itself to THY Sacrifice; teach me the great art of penitence and self-denial. Amen.

Our FATHER, &c., Glory be, &c.

ELEVENTH STATION.

JESUS IS NAILED TO THE CROSS.

"They pierced MY Hands and MY Feet; I may tell all MY Bones."—*Ps.* xxii. 17.

CONTEMPLATION.

THE mournful, fearful scene of the Passion of the SAVIOUR is drawing to a close. At the very remembrance of this fearful Sacrifice horror fills the mind, the most bitter grief seizes the soul.

The Cross is laid down; they desire the GOD Man to place HIMSELF on It. He obeys; they violently stretch HIS Hands and HIS Feet; they pierce THEM; with heavy blows they nail THEM—those Sacred Hands which have never opened but to do good and to bless—those Sacred Feet which have been wearied in seeking the lost sheep of the House of Israel.

O ingratitude! O barbarity of a nation whom JESUS has so loved! Beholding this, have we any right to complain of the forgetfulness, the faithlessness, the treachery of mankind? Is the servant, then, greater than his LORD?

PRAYER.

O my LORD, I admire the wonderful ways of THY Providence. Sometimes THOU takest away from me all who comforted me; THOU crushest the arm of flesh on which I leaned, to oblige me to seek for strength and comfort in THEE alone. For so long as the world smiles on me I am satisfied; but when this earth trembles under my feet, and I only receive from it a harvest of tears and thorns, in my grief I

must cry to THEE, "O be THOU our help in trouble; for vain is the help of man." The abandonment in which I am then left by creatures obliges me to give myself wholly to the Creator, and to acknowledge my ingratitude. O my GOD, I bless THEE, I thank THEE for it with all my heart. Amen.

Our FATHER, &c., Glory be, &c.

TWELFTH STATION.

JESUS DIES UPON THE CROSS.

"MY GOD, MY GOD, look upon ME."—*Ps.* xxii. 1.

CONTEMPLATION·

"IT is finished!" The LAMB of the Sacrifice, HIS Limbs tortured, HIS Body wounded, recommends HIS Soul to HIS FATHER with a loud Voice, and then breathes HIS last Sigh. The world is redeemed! JESUS is dead! A GOD to die! and to die on a Cross for the love of man! O infinite love! O sublime devotion!

PRAYER.

And I would not love THEE, O my JESUS! and my whole life would not be consecrated to THEE! and I would live in joy whilst my REDEEMER sinks under the weight of His Grief! No, no, it shall not be thus; and I cry with the vehemence of a grateful love—LORD, I adore THEE, I follow THEE to Calvary, I unite myself to all THY Griefs, I embrace the Cross with my arms, I bathe It with my tears; and there, even if dying of grief, I would not exchange my tears or my sorrows for all the joys of an ungrateful and thoughtless world, who do not reflect, who forget that a GOD died for the love of men. Amen.

Our FATHER, &c., Glory be, &c.

THIRTEENTH STATION.

JESUS IS TAKEN DOWN FROM THE CROSS.

"Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto MY sorrow."—*Lamen.* i. 12.

CONTEMPLATION.

JESUS is dead? HIS Mouth is shut: HE no longer speaks, to atone by HIS Silence for the many sins which we commit with our tongues; HIS Eyes are shut, to atone for our wandering looks; HIS pierced Hands and HIS Wounded Feet are motionless, to atone for our disorders and injustices. HIS Body is taken from the Cross, and HIS Mother receives It in Her Arms. What suffering for so loving a Mother! and we are even a cause of Her sorrow; it is for our sins that Her SON has died; Her SON Whom She now contemplates, cold, motionless, and bloody.

PRAYER.

O Good JESU, with what burning love did THY Blessed Mother Herself take a part in the great mystery of our redemption! What courage supported her at the Foot of THY Cross, where THOU, Her SON, Her GOD, Her REDEEMER, consummated THY Bloody Sacrifice! What a sword of anguish pierced Her Heart when She received THEE into Her Arms! May we have grace to mourn with Her and say, O JESU, when shall I be worthy to understand and sympathize with THY Sorrows, by having them ever present in my heart. O JESU, grant that I may weep night and day for my sins, which have caused THEE so much suffering; that so weeping, loving, hoping, I may die of pure sorrow for THY sake, to live for ever with THEE. Amen.

Our FATHER, &c., Glory be, &c.

FOURTEENTH STATION.

JESUS IS LAID IN THE SEPULCHRE.

"HE made HIS Grave with the wicked, and with the rich in HIS Death."—*Isa.* liii. 9.

CONTEMPLATION.

FAITH shows it to us—here is the SON of GOD between the death which HE has suffered and the life which HE is going to resume. HIS Resurrection will not be less real than His Death, and this Resurrection opens for all of us the Gates of Heaven. Let us pause at this hope, and let our meditation at the Tomb of JESUS carry our thoughts to those of our friends who are now waiting in Paradise. Is there anything sweeter than this communion of the living and the dead? Our brethren pray for us; let us not forget to pray for them.

PRAYER.

By THY Precious Death and Burial; by THY glorious Resurrection, O LORD, open the entrance to the Heavenly Jerusalem to the souls in Hades awaiting their perfection. Let them see their Creator in the magnificence of HIS Glory! Let them lose themselves in the ecstacy of that Divine Contemplation!

O Love, O Beauty, O infinite Perfections of my GOD, you may be one day my portion! I tremble at this hope. But who will open the Eternal Gates to me a sinner? Death, nothing less than the Death of my SAVIOUR. Have pity, then, on thy poor creature, O JESU, and remember that THOU hast died for me. Amen.

Our FATHER, &c., Glory be, &c.

Then say the Hymns following.

By the Cross, sad vigil keeping,
Stood the Mother, doleful weeping,
Where Her SON extended hung;
For Her Soul, of joy bereaved,
Smit with anguish, deeply grieved,
Lo! the piercing sword hath wrung.

O, how sad and sore distressed
Now was She, that Mother blessed
Of the Sole-begotten ONE!
Woe-begone, with heart's prostration,
Mother meek, the bitter Passion
Saw She of Her Glorious SON!

Who, on CHRIST'S fond Mother looking,
Such extreme affliction brooking,
Born of women, would not weep?
Who, on CHRIST'S fond Mother thinking,
With her SON in sorrow sinking,
Would not share Her sorrows deep?

For HIS people's sins rejected,
She Her JESUS, unprotected,
Saw with thorns, with scourges rent,
Saw Her SON from judgment taken,
Her Belov'd in death forsaken,
Till HIS Spirit forth HE sent.

May HIS Wounds transfix me wholly,
May HIS Cross and Life-Blood holy,
Ebriate my heart and mind;
Thus inflam'd with pure affection,
In the Virgin's SON protection
May I at the judgment find.

May the Cross of CHRIST direct me,
May HIS mighty Death protect me,
May HE nourish me with Grace;
To my parting soul be given
Entrance at the gate of Heaven,
And in Paradise a place.

Amen.

JESUS! along THY proper road
Of sorrows, with THY weary load,
How didst THOU toil and strain!
O may I bear the Cross like THEE,
Or rather, LORD, do THOU in me
The blessed weight sustain.

JESUS! on that most doleful day
How were THY garments stripped away,
THY Holy Limbs laid bare!
O may no works or ways unclean
Despoil me of that modest mien
THY servants, LORD, should wear.

JESUS! what direst agony
Was THINE, upon the bitter tree,
With healing virtues rife!
O may I count all things but loss,
All for the glory of the cross,
The sinner's tree of life.

JESUS! around THY Sacred Head
There is an ominous brightness shed,
The NAME which Pilate wrote;
Save us, THOU Royal Nazarene!
For in that threefold NAME are seen
The gifts THY Passion brought.

JESUS! WHO to the FATHER prayed
For those who all THY love repaid
  With this dread cup of woes,
Teach me to conquer, LORD, like THEE,
By patience and benignity,
  The thwarting of my foes.

JESUS! WHO, come to seek and save,
Absolved the thief, and promise gave
  Of peace among the blest,
Ah! do THOU give me penitence
Like his, that I, when summoned hence,
  In Paradise may rest.

JESUS! WHO bade the loving John
THY Mother take, when THOU wert gone,
  And in THY stead to be,
Oh, when I yield my parting breath,
Be THOU beside me, and in death,
  Good LORD, remember me.

JESUS! true Man, WHO cried aloud,
Toward the ninth hour, MY GOD, MY GOD,
  O why am I forsaken?
LORD! may I never fall from THEE,
Nor even in life's extremity
  My humble trust be shaken.

JESUS! athirst, the soldiers think
To mock THEE, giving THEE to drink
  What might inflame THY pain;
Ah! mindful of the loathsome draught
Which for my sins my SAVIOUR quaffed,
  May I my flesh restrain.

JESUS! REDEEMER, all the price
Of Adam's sin THY sacrifice
Did more than fully pay;
May I my stewardship fulfil
With equal strictness, and THY Will
With scrupulous love obey.

JESUS! THY passion at an end,
Thou didst THY blameless Soul commend
Unto the FATHER'S care;
When my last hour is come, may I
Hasten with meek alacrity
To do THY will elsewhere. Amen.

BY THINE AGONY AND BLOODY SWEAT;
BY THY CROSS AND PASSION;
BY THY PRECIOUS DEATH AND BURIAL;
GOOD LORD DELIVER US.
AMEN.

✠

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